

Life

SEPTEMBER 2, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Distance Lends
Enchantment*

McCarthy



A series of ancient Egyptian spoons. The one at the left is of grayish-green slate. The others are of wood. The fish which forms part of the handle on the third spoon is removable. Beneath it is a small cavity, used, possibly, as a container for salt.

From the Great Ivory Spoon of Ancient Egypt to the Graceful Reed & Barton Spoon of Today

FIRST came fingers! Then came the spoon!—which is just another way of expressing the fact that when Man reached that stage of development when fingers ceased to be an entirely satisfactory means of transferring food to the mouth, he created the spoon.

Time was when the spoon was but a shell picked up at the seashore. Again, it was a piece of crudely hollowed wood or slate. Ancient Egypt carved spoons from ivory similar to the interesting example of one of the first spoons, illustrated above. Early Greece hammered them from bronze or gold. Britain fashioned spoons with folding handles so that they might be carried in the pocket when one went out to dine.

But, in all lands, some form of spoon was FIRST among eating utensils, for it had certain natural qualifications that

appealed to a world that was much more utilitarian than delicate. Obviously, the spoon alone could do what the fingers could NOT do!

Perhaps, then, there is good reason for the degree of finished beauty you find in the Reed & Barton spoon of today. That graceful bowl and that perfectly formed handle have been four thousand years in their development. Reed & Barton, alone, have contributed more than a century to this evolution of the spoon.

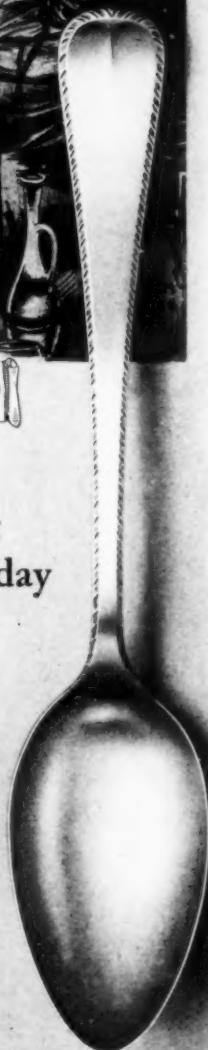
One of the finest expressions of the silversmith's art is to be seen in the Wakefield Design in Reed & Barton Solid Silver. Your jeweler will be glad to show you this as well as many other patterns in Reed & Barton Solid Silver or heavy durable Silver Plate.



Case of Wakefield Silver. Genuine American manufacture—blue velvet lined. Will hold combinations of from twenty-six to eighty pieces.

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REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.



Wakefield Tea Spoon (Actual size)



It is Sterling
—and can not be sold

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Automobiles

The New York

VOL LXXV

No 142

Copyright, 1926

SUNDAY JULY

CHRYSLER adopts BUDD-MICHELIN wheel equipment on all models...

Offers demountable steel discs on the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80"; now on display in show rooms.

New wheels bring greater safety, cleanliness, make tire changing easier, and enhance beauty of car.

The Chrysler organization, noted for progressiveness has scored again through the announcement that Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels have been adopted as equipment on all models of the four types of Chrysler cars—the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80"

This will be good news to the large body of motor car buyers who are alive to the advantages of all-steel construction, and have followed its progress during recent months. In many respects the structure of the wheels is most vital to safety, as the collapse of a wheel, in skidding against a curb, or in a collision with another car, is a mishap that no motorist cares to face.

Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels are the only automobile wheels approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. They were developed during the War, when the conditions of the roads near the front in France made necessary a sturdier type of wheel than had before been available. The Budd-Michelin was adopted by the French Government for all official cars, and solved one of the vital problems of war-time transportation.

After the War, the engineering advantages of Budd-Michelin Wheels, and their beauty—the beauty of clean stream-lines—appealed to European motor car manufacturers, with the result that they are now used on more than half the cars in Europe, including such famous makes as Rolls Royce, Delage, Panhard, Peugeot, Renault, Fiat, and Isotta-Fraschini.

These wheels also won immediate recognition in America, and are now used on a dozen American makes.

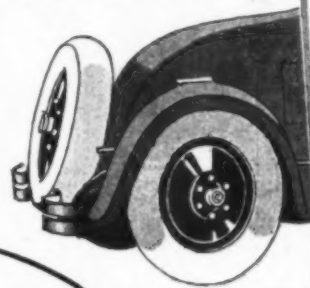
Five wheels per car

Each set of Budd-Michelins includes an extra wheel that carries the spare tire. It is usually mounted on the back of the car, and adds much to the attractiveness of the

car's appearance from the rear. When a tire is punctured, the wheel with the flat tire is removed by unscrewing the cap nuts around the hub, and the spare wheel is put in its place. This operation takes only three or four minutes for a person of ordinary ability.

Budd-Michelin Wheels hide the brakes from view, and protect them from mud, water, and dust. Because of their smooth surface, they are easily cleaned, and tend to keep clean.

They are the last step in bringing to the motor car the safety and durability of all-steel construction—the type of construction which has made a passenger on a fast express train safer than in his own home.



BUDD WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit [Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheel] Philadelphia



Foot-
JOY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

MEN walk much more than they think they do, and nearly always on concrete, tile or macadam—the best substances known to resist wear and the worst for the well-being of your feet. No wonder you are tired out at 5 o'clock at night—no wonder thousands have availed themselves of the comfort of FOOT-JOY Shoes, to overcome these conditions. You cannot avoid walking, but you can wear FOOT-JOY Shoes and walk in comfort. FOOT-JOY Shoes are made in styles for all occasions, and are the last word in smartness. Ask us to send you the FOOT-JOY book—a valuable aid to those who would keep their feet in good condition.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton
Massachusetts
Also makers of

The famous *Anatomif* Shoes for Men

Name.....
Address.....LD

Ballade Ultra-Radical

I FEEL, O Muse, in lusty fighting trim,
Crusading fires are kindling in my eye,
A Surge of Life is tingling in my limb,
Into my breast the prods of spirit pry.
Up from my soul there leaps a loud defy
That rings across the world for men to hear
(No pink-heart radical with me shall vie):
Allons! Hurrah! for HEAVY wines and beer!

Mine is no cause to warm the breast of him
From Armageddon conflicts who would fly;
No shindy serving those—*ad interim*—
Who make the shifting wind-straw their ally;
Great heroes here are clanking, sword on thigh,
From this hot plain goes forth the Trojan cheer,
The dogs of war have slipped their kennel-tie:
Allons! Hurrah! for HEAVY wines and beer!

Let politicians pet a rabble's whim!
Let Faint-heart make his compromise with "dry"!
Let pleading tears the nidget's eye bedim,
And Dives for his drop of Bevo sigh!
Ours is the strength a nobler trade to ply!
Ours is the shout of peer unto compeer!
Ours is the lusty-sinewed battle-cry:
Allons! Hurrah! for HEAVY wines and beer!

L'ENVOI

O Prince, your honest wisdom won't deny
Old chivalry is grinding in low gear.
This trumpet-call should shift it into high:
Allons! Hurrah! for HEAVY wines and beer!

Leo J. Ryan.

Consistency

'WHAT did Biggins do with the thousand dollars he won with his essay attacking the modern mechanical age?'
"He bought an automobile."

Play the SILVER KING



WHEN you are tired, when the last 2 holes haven't been all they should be, try the fresh stimulus of a brand new Silver King. It's wonderful what psychology can do for a sick golf game!

Most golfers find they get 15 to 25 yards farther with this best of all good golf balls!

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price



John Wanamaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors

The Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise ROUND THE WORLD

A CRUISE pre-eminently comprehensive and at the same time notably well-balanced—including rarely-visited ports—omitting none of the essential world-cruise countries. The splendid new Cunarder "Carinthia" (one of the most popular of Raymond-Whitcomb cruisers) is conspicuous for her comfort and her luxurious equipment.

The "Carinthia" leaves New York, while capitalists, cooped in skyscrapers, and old Liberty, ironically nailed to her pedestal, wave "bon voyage" to the perspicacious Raymond-Whitcomb world-travelers.



They cross the Caribbean (after a party at Havana) and obsequiously piloted by prominent "canalists" do the gay towns of Panama, then head north, in the Pacific Ocean for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

They gaze at Kilauea and bathe at Waikiki; they cross the ridiculous 180th Meridian and spend hundreds of happy hours amid the gardens and geishas and the gilded temples and gracious tea-shops of Japan.



They pay a special visit to Korea, the Hermit Kingdom, whose rarely seen capital—Seoul—is a lounging-place for haughty chaps, crowned with fly-trap hats and gowned in immaculately starched white linen.

They come to Peking with its mandarins and coolies, "Forbidden Cities" and shrines, and travel further to the Great Wall, a giant serpent of masonry forty feet high and fifteen hundred miles long.



After Peking, Hong Kong—then the Philippines, with busy Manila and authentically idyllic Zamboanga, whose houses stand on stilts and whose motley townsfolk stand just as infrequently as it is possible.

At Papuan Port Moresby the travelers meet woolly-haired black-boys (delightfully reformed cannibals) who can step a mean war-dance, compared to which the Charleston is an insignificant minuet.



New Zealand is a vast museum; the travelers see geysers and gum-trees, fjords and falls and aboriginal Maoris with villages protected by rather underbred gods with a bad habit of sticking out their tongues.

Next comes luxuriant Tasmania; then magnificent Australia, land of the "Bush", the boomerang and the kangaroo, and the up-and-coming "down under" cities—Sydney, Melbourne, Fremantle and Perth.



In Java, land of batiks, is the world's most famous garden. Town and rice-paddy, highway and market-place are lively with coolies, farmers and hucksters, weighted down with blue mushroom hats.

A day at Singapore—"Gibraltar of the East"—then Colombo and Ceylon—with men that wear combs and skirts, elephants that are almost as numerous and tame as dogs, and scenery that is superb.



India is a country of fakirs, snake-charmers, monkeys, bullocks, peacocks. The Taj Mahal, the huge Delhi Mosque, the Ganges at Benares and deserted Fatehpur-Sikri are among the world's great sights.

Through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal—and the travelers arrive at Cairo, for a glimpse of ancient Egypt and a journey (probably by supercilious camel) into the desert to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids.



Then the Mediterranean and a visit to Athens. Though battered, the Acropolis and the Parthenon are peerless, and except in comic operas there are no uniforms to rival those of the Greek soldiery.

On to Naples (near Pompeii and across the bay from Vesuvius)—a city with a reputation of being determinedly cheerful, despite the fact that whole families burst violently into: "Funiculi! Funicula!"



The Riviera, Gibraltar, Cherbourg and Southampton—then the U.S.A. again and the cooped-up capitalists and Liberty enviously welcoming home the perspicacious Raymond-Whitcomb world-travelers.

From New York, October 14—from Los Angeles, October 29—from San Francisco, October 31.

Cherbourg & Southampton, March 8, 1927—with opportunity for a prolonged sojourn Abroad.

Booklets—Ship-plans—Schedules of Rates (\$2,250 and up) from

NEW YORK
BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
16 PARK STREET—BOSTON

CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

MEN who are particular about how their feet are dressed have made this Phoenix number 284 one of the most popular socks that the markets of the world have ever seen. It has had a remarkable success, even for a Phoenix product. Made of pure Japanese silk, and adroitly reinforced, it comes in a variety of smart colors—colors that have given it the season's vogue. Millions of discriminating men choose it because it gives them longest miles of hard wear at low cost—and its elegance endures.

No. 284

75 cents a pair



PHOENIX SILK SOCKS

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

Life

Travel

AUTUMN brings the tourists home
From Paris, London, Munich, Rome,
Their trunks tight-packed with souvenirs
Of Venice, Budapest, Algiers.
How worn they look! How sad and thin
From tramping Florence, Tours, Berlin!
But view the splendid hiking-muscles
Acquired in Pisa, Baden, Brussels!
Within three fleeting months they did
Vienna, Naples, Omsk, Madrid,
And their survey was no less thorough
Of Deauville, Prague, and Edinburgh.
From Hamburg, Brest, Palermo, Cork,
They now sail homeward to New York,

Eager to get the first good look
At Queens, Nantucket, Sandy Hook,
And see their friends and parents line
Piers 30, 40, 59!
With happy faces they entrain
For Georgia, Minnesota, Maine,
Resolving never to forsake
Grand Rapids, Council Bluffs, Salt Lake.

Norman R. Jaffray.

The Nonconformist

"HOLD him! Don't let him get away!"

The crowd was shouting such warnings as I approached, my curiosity aroused by the hullabaloo which I had heard two blocks away. Obviously, something serious was happening. The streets were filled with idlers, it being Labor Day.

"Tie his hands and feet! Gag him!" roared the burly leader of the crowd. He was dressed in bright,

clean overalls, as were all the rest of the mob. "Now we'll go lock him up. That will keep him out of mischief," the leader continued.

"What has the fellow done?" I asked one of the denim-clad men. "Has he robbed some one?"

"Robbed some one? Well, not exactly. He's a revolutionist!"

"A revolutionist!"

"Yes. He wants to upset American institutions!"

"Not really!"

"Yes. He insists on taking the name of Labor Day seriously, and wants to work."

John C. Emery.

Among Her Books

FIRST FLAPPER: Who is your favorite author?

SECOND FLAPPER: Tolstoi.

FIRST FLAPPER: Oh — they say he's perfectly wonderful!

SECOND FLAPPER: Yes, that's what I've heard.

PUZZLE.—If exercise will eliminate fat, how in the world does a woman get a double chin?



Sunday School Teacher: AND WHO CAME TO NOAH'S ARK ON THE FORTIETH DAY?

Pupil: THE REVENUE OFFICERS.



Mother: COME OUT OF THAT MUD!

"NO, MAMA, I WON'T COME OUT'N THE MUD!"

Mother: COME OUT OF THAT MUD OR I'LL TAKE THAT STICK TO YOU!

"NO, MAMA, I WON'T COME OUT'N THE MUD!"

Mother: IF YOU DON'T COME OUT OF THAT MUD YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A BATH.

"YES, MAMA, I GUESS I'LL COME OUT'N THE MUD!"

The Unknown

HE was a confidant of Wall Street millionaires.

He rubbed elbows with and consoled many a man who held the making or breaking of an empire in the hollow of his hand.

He knew the family histories and skeletons of scores of the bluest of the blue-blooded gentry.

He called Senators, Governors and Mayors by their first names.

He was a friend to all of human-

ity that crossed the gilded threshold of conviviality.

Yet when he died, he went to his humble grave unsung, and mourned by one little woman in black.

He was an old-time bartender.

E. E. Garrison.

IF the swimming vogue continues to gain momentum, there is every prospect that the Channel boats will be forced out of business next season.



Tent Colony Commuter: WELL, DEAR, WHAT'S FOR DINNER THIS EVENING?
Wife: DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO PREPARE ANYTHING; BEEN HOUSECLEANING ALL DAY.

Lucid Interval in the Love Life of a Newly Married Couple

HE sat beside her, deep in thought;

His eyes were beds of glowing embers;

He had the mien of some one caught By reveries he half remembers.

It seemed an age... She waited long For him to speak... At last he muttered,

"I think, my love—or am I wrong?— That muffins taste much better buttered."

Her face lit up... Her soulful eyes Flashed up to his with message cheery;

She kissed away his vague surmise And said in angel tones, "Yes, dearie."

Elias Lieberman.

Pardonable Pride

BROWN is a very rich man, but his name is never mentioned in connection with the various banks, factories and other enterprises in which is interested.

He writes books on economic subjects, and magazine articles on industrial problems, but he never signs them.

He never grants an interview. He avoids photographers. He refuses to speak in public.

He is the anonymous donor of vast sums to charity.

There was but one occasion when he willingly allowed reporters and photographers to approach him. He posed in several positions while the cameras caught him from all angles. He read a prepared statement to the reporters. What's more, he cautioned them to spell his name correctly. He had just won the deciding match for the cup offered by his club to players with a handicap of thirty or over.

Bill Sykes.

Unimportant

"HOW could they have the wedding if the groom wasn't there?"

"Well, no one noticed his absence until the ceremony was over."

LIFE'S Gris Nez-to-Dover Tour

A Pleasure Trip for Hot Water Babies

(Speaking of the recent successful swimming of the English Channel by Miss Gertrude Ederle, Mr. Handley, her coach, declared that he mapped out her route carefully beforehand and that all she had to do was to follow the "complete set of instructions" which he had written for her.)

0.0. Take off from Cape Gris Nez, using your discretion as to what you take off.

1.6. Turn sharp left, following whale tracks to abandoned rotor ship. Continue to

3.7. Detour to the right to avoid jellyfish, eelwives and broken glass. Be careful of floating pineapples, watermelon rinds and semi-submerged grapefruit. Come out into International Marine Parkway at

6.0. Permanent Base 17, Rum Fleet. Picture ahead—and what a head! Take middle current (if it happens to be running in your direction).

9.3. Mermaid Marie's. Hot dogfish and salt-water taffy. Beware of the sea serpent. Turn left past stewed clam lying against bell buoy until you get into

11.2. Rough water. Put on your skid chains and roll over on your back. Look out for sharks.

15.6. Detour. Channel under repair. Skirt iceberg (if you are still wearing a skirt) and bear right (if there happens to be a bear on the iceberg) to

20.2. Bad water. Don't drink it. Go back to 6.0, Permanent Base 17 of Rum Fleet. (Just say you are a friend of Mr. Ware's.) Full steam ahead to

21.5. Coral Gables. Engine trouble. Miss three turns of the tide and then go to

23.1. Large patch of floating seaweed. Get out and walk. Look out for needlefish in occasional haystacks. Continue to

25.4. Uncle Joe's. Water ice-cream cones and hot dogfish. Ladies' parlor. Rest here until a red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along. Follow robin to



Pocahontas (to Powhatan): YOUR STANCE IS ALL RIGHT, DAD, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT LEFT ARM RIGID AND OVER-LOCK YOUR GRIP.

29.5. Large Yellow Barn. Don't ask me how that got there. Look out for splinters and protruding nails. Go under bridge to

33.1. Appomattox Courthouse. Turn to the left and then to the right and then to the left and then to the right and then to the left and then to the right, bow, dip and shake your feet—Ma-a-a-ammy! (And they call it the Charleston!) This will bring you to

35.6. Dover breakwater. Choice lots, homesites and business opportunities. Keep right on going to

36.3. Main Street, Dover. Ye Olde Anchore Inne—Hors Dovers a specialty. Shore dinners, dancing and antiques. And what of it?

Henry William Hanemann.

Different Standards

PETERSON, having formed a liking for his caddy, got him a position for the winter months as head pin-boy in the bowling alleys of his club. Two nights later he missed him and inquired of the steward, who said: "Sorry, sir, but we had to let him go. Five balls disappeared the first night he was on duty and when three more were missed this afternoon it became necessary to take action."

HE: Are you averse to necking parties?

SHE: Well, who are the parties?



"DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF COMING HERE EVERY SUMMER?"
"WELL, YOU KNOW—WHILE THERE'S A LIFE GUARD THERE'S HOPE."

A R H I N O R H A P S O D Y



WELL

pronounce 'em — usses
(as you always do) or they
won't rhyme. I warn you.

It seems that
this Rhinoceros
packs quite a
beefy overplus;
albeit he
is vigorous,
for all his
carcass mountainous.

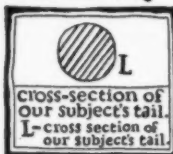


His skin is
something scandalous.
'Twould seem 'twere
quite crustaceous,
as on his torse
so ponderous
it hangs in folds
ridiculous.

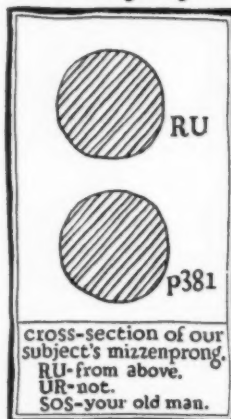


"But what", says you,
"is this to us,
that you should up
and babble thus?"
Come, come now,
do be serious.
— within
a certain radius.

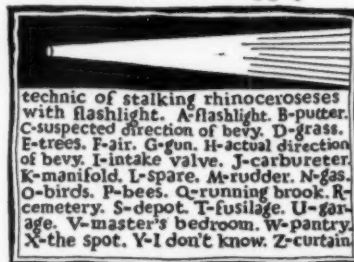
For lo! these here
Rhinoceri,
though combative,
are rather shy
and very seldom
greet the eye.
They want to concentrate,
that's why.



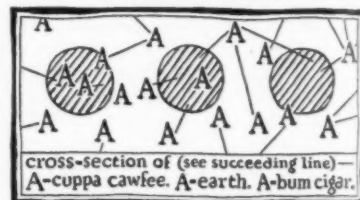
They trill their
truculent defi
across the
Afric alkali,
a mooing, whinny sort
of cry.
And they can yodel,
if they try.



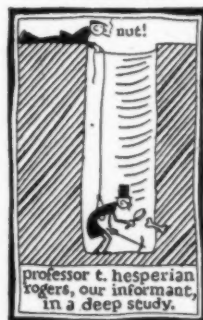
Our subject
are surprising spry
and awful hard
to pacify
but they'll be goners
by and by,
like dodoes
and the roc supply.



I love to see
Rhinoceroses
astoking their
oesophaguses
with succulent
asparaguses,
the perspicacious
little cusses.



That's why this essay here
discusses,
like all
such highbrow syllabuses,
these epidermic
omnibuses,
these horny-snooted
incubuses.



The Rhino's famous
for his fusses
and when he fusses,
how he musses!
That is the time
to grab the buses
and start your
hasty exodus.



"I'VE GOT SEVEN CHILDREN, THIRTY-NINE GRAN'CHILDREN AN' TWENTY-TWO GREAT-GRAN'CHILDREN."

"WELL, NOW! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL!"

"YES, AIN'T IT? AN' THER' AIN'T ONE O' THEM I'D WIPE ME FEET ON."

The Evil Day

IT was evident that some dire calamity had fallen upon the great city of New York. This was reflected in the sober faces of those who still remained to go about their daily tasks.

It had been a terrible week! Steamship piers had been crowded by vast mobs fleeing to foreign lands to escape the awful thing. The Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations had been thronged as never before by multitudes who had heard of the impending doom of the great metropolis and were hastening to Canada and Mexico before the stroke fell.

Business was at a standstill. Long lines of deserted trucks blocked the silent streets.

In the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street, boarded windows bore mute evidence to the tragic business collapse.



"GET AN EAGLE!"

The park benches were crowded with men thrown out of employment, among whom two types predominated: swarthy, foreign-looking men with furtive eye and shifty air, who carried suitcases, and ministerial-looking gentlemen with white bow ties and eyeglasses. Together they mingled their tears; together they mourned as those who would not be comforted.

Yes, the blow had fallen:
**THE PROHIBITION LAWS
HAD BEEN ENFORCED.**

F. G. Steelman.

How He Felt

"DID Miss Hihatte make you feel at home?"

"No, she made me wish I was."



Fair Patient: WHAT IS THE BEST WAY OF REDUCING, DOCTOR?

Young M. D.: WHY—STOP EATING, MADAM.

Fair Patient: BUT HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 9th Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial how witches have come to stand as the epitome of nervousness, and why blotters enclosed by tradesmen with their bills are never any good, falling eagerly upon the mail when it was brought in to me, my pleasure in receiving communications when I am away from home being so great that I do even welcome commercial tidings from rug cleaners and dairy merchants, albeit the treasurers of organized charities do put up to me a fine point of ethics by enclosing stamped envelopes, for I do not like to cast their tuppence into the scrap basket, nor basely divert it to my own use, nor return it to them without a contribution. So now when I come upon a letter which I suspect to be from such a source, I do dispose of it without opening it, forasmuch as by that course I do not know whether or not it contains postage, and I do pray that by so doing I may never spurn the information that a hitherto unheard-of

kinsman hath died and left me a legacy. A letter from the child of one of my servants, asking me to answer various questions for her about the reparations dispute so that she might acquit herself creditably in the secretarial school which she is attending this summer, and one of them being, What has Mr. Mellon been doing of late to make the people angry? I did ask Sam if his own ire were up and if so, why, but he did put me off lightly, as is his cus-

**NOW YOU
TELL ONE**

A WELL - TURNED
ankle peeped out from
beneath the hem of her
skirt.

tom when I demand aught which he deems beyond my comprehension, until I did twit him with evading me through lack of knowledge, which was more than his vanity could withstand. But the incident did bring me up sharply as to the average citizen's lack of interest in world affairs, for Lord! I do confess with shame that it is of greater moment to me that the underhangings be laundered frequently enough or the beef done to the proper turn than to keep *au courant* with what the ministers of church and state are seeking to bring about through their innumerable and well-nigh incomprehensible conclaves.... At noon to a tennis party at the Blanks', where I did encounter several pleasant acquaintances, one man hailing me with particular joy because he declared me to be the only person from whom he had seen his wife win money at bridge. Usually when she finishes play, he quoth, she comes up to me and demands, Have you got nineteen

(Continued on page 30)

A Labor-Day Oration

FOR Labor-Day orators who have been making the same speech every year for twenty-five years, and who may feel the need of new material, we append a few points that so far have never been used:

1. *Labor creates all wealth.*

(While this is a little daring, don't be afraid to make the most of it. The idea is so new that no one will be in a position to contradict you.)

2. *Labor and Capital should go hand in hand.*

(This is perfectly safe, and will make a big hit with the advertisers in the Special Edition of the Labor Press.)

3. *Labor wants nothing but its just deserts.*

(Should please everybody. The conservatives will say, "That's reasonable," and the radicals will mutter, "Absolutely, and we know what they are.")

4. *In Union there is Strength.*

(Unique. Should get big hand. Tell story about man who unsuccessfully tried to break bundle of twigs, then broke them easily one by one. Quote Lincoln.)

A. Watkins.



After the Brawl

Mother: DID YOU FORGIVE JIMMY?
Freddy: NAW! I COULDN'T CATCH HIM.



The Spirit of '76

MOLLY PITCHER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER KEEPS HER POWDER DRY.

The Meeting

(Bill, an author, who has just received his first check for a story, meets Jack, who is the father of a new-born baby.)

BILL: Hello, Jack.
JACK: Hello, Bill.
BILL: Whattaya think, Jack, I just—

JACK: Just a minute. Didja hear the news we—?

BILL: It's been a hard grind, but I—

JACK: The Missus is getting along—

BILL: It was a story with a Chicago locale, and—

JACK: He weighed eight pounds, and—

BILL: What weighed eight pounds?

JACK: The baby, our baby; it arrived this morning.

BILL: Yeah? Well, I just sold a story.

JACK: Yeah?

BILL: Well, s'long.

JACK: S'long.

(They walk in opposite directions.)

BILL: Conceited ass!

JACK: Conceited ass!

S. A. S.

Poorer Richard

"IN this world nothing is certain but death and taxes," remarked old Benjamin Franklin in 1789. "He probably meant death by taxis," corrected the side-stepping pedestrian in 1926.



The Gay Nineties

BEFORE THE DAY OF THE SOCIAL REGISTER ONE COULD TELL WHO WAS WHO IN A TOWN BY THE FRONT LAWNS. FOR INSTANCE—A LAWN CUT UP BY MERE STAR-AND-CRESCENT FLOWER-BEDS MEANT COMFORTABLE RESPECTABILITY. THE ADDITION OF A RUSTIC TRIPOD WITH A KETTLE OF GROWING FLOWERS WAS ANOTHER STEP UP THE SOCIAL LADDER—BUT AN IRON STAG ADDED TO THESE MEANT POSITIVE AFFLUENCE.

The Pilgrimage

AN atmosphere of solemnity surrounds the old home of the hero. Even as the morning sun gilds the tablet upon which is graven the great man's name, a group of pilgrims is seen approaching from the distance. For this the hero's home has been set aside; for this the yews, the cedars and the spruces are decked with dew. The song of a bird, clear in the morning air, contrasts with the hallowed stillness of a nation's shrine. How near the scene approaches unto sublimity!

Now the pilgrims are at the gate. Strange sounds

fill the air. The Hubert P. Grossman Corporation Employees' Benefit Association has arrived for its annual Feed and Field Day with plenty of sardine sandwiches, ice-cream soda and chocolate cake.

H. B. II.

Life and Limb

"THIS suspense is awful," said the flapper when she noticed that her garters allowed her new silk stockings to wrinkle.

Life Lines

THE Navy Department proposes to build a dirigible three times the size of the *Shenandoah*. Bigger and Better State Fairs are evidently in order.

The Army's mosquito expert says the person bitten should never slap the offender. We knew pacifism was prevalent but we did not know it had penetrated so far.

The Federal Government announces the perfection of a machine for slicing artichokes. This is misdirected energy. What is needed is a machine to prevent novices from ordering artichokes in the first place.

"World's Oldest Play Unearthed in Egypt."—*Headline*. We knew that, if those archaeologists kept on digging, they'd eventually get down to "Abie's Irish Rose."

And by the way, the richly deserved success of "Abie's Irish Rose" seems to be unimpaired by the recent statement that forty per cent. of all divorces are traceable to intermarriage between races.

A burglar broke into a Kansas City store and stole lingerie worth \$2,500. The police are searching for a man with a cigar box under his arm.

Congress has at last discovered a good reason for adjourning: it has to give the Anti-Saloon League a chance to straighten out its accounts.

There is this distinction, we gather, between the Senate and the House of Representatives: Senators have to buy their own nominations, whereas Congressmen may have theirs bought for them by the Anti-Saloon League.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Beverlin are rejoicing over an eight-pound daughter, their sixth child, since last Saturday."

—*Newton (Ill.) Mentor-Democrat*.

Fast work in the Great Middle West.

COOLIDGE economy for the first time has invaded the field of crime, the American people having decided to make a four-year-old murder mystery do for another season.

The Clock Watcher

ABEL: Those are beautiful clocks in your stockings.

MABEL: Yes, and they don't need any hands on them, either!



Kid: YA GOTTA GIVE 'IM CREDIT FER BEIN' GAME, BOSS. TH' PUP'S ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD.

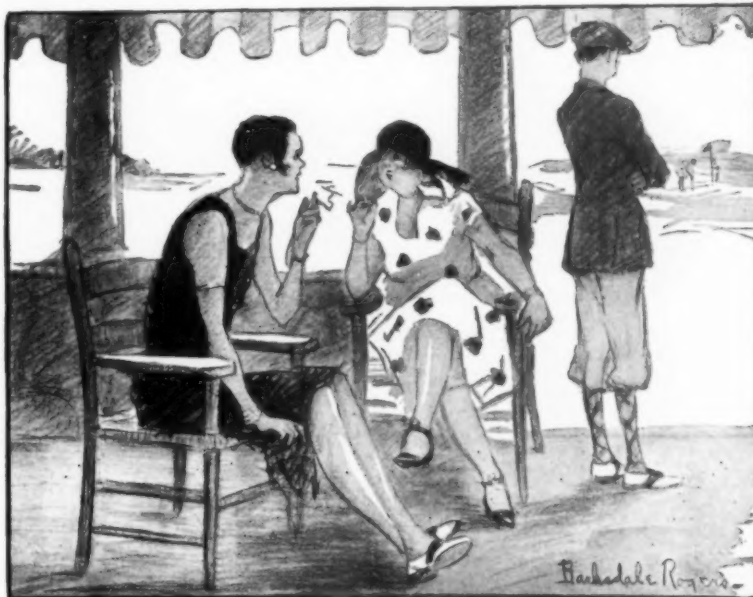
The Thin Edge

WITH you, my heart is quiet here,
And all my thoughts are cool as rain.
I sit and let the shifting year
Go by before the window-pane,
And reach my hand to yours, my dear...
I wonder what it's like in Spain.

Dorothy Parker.

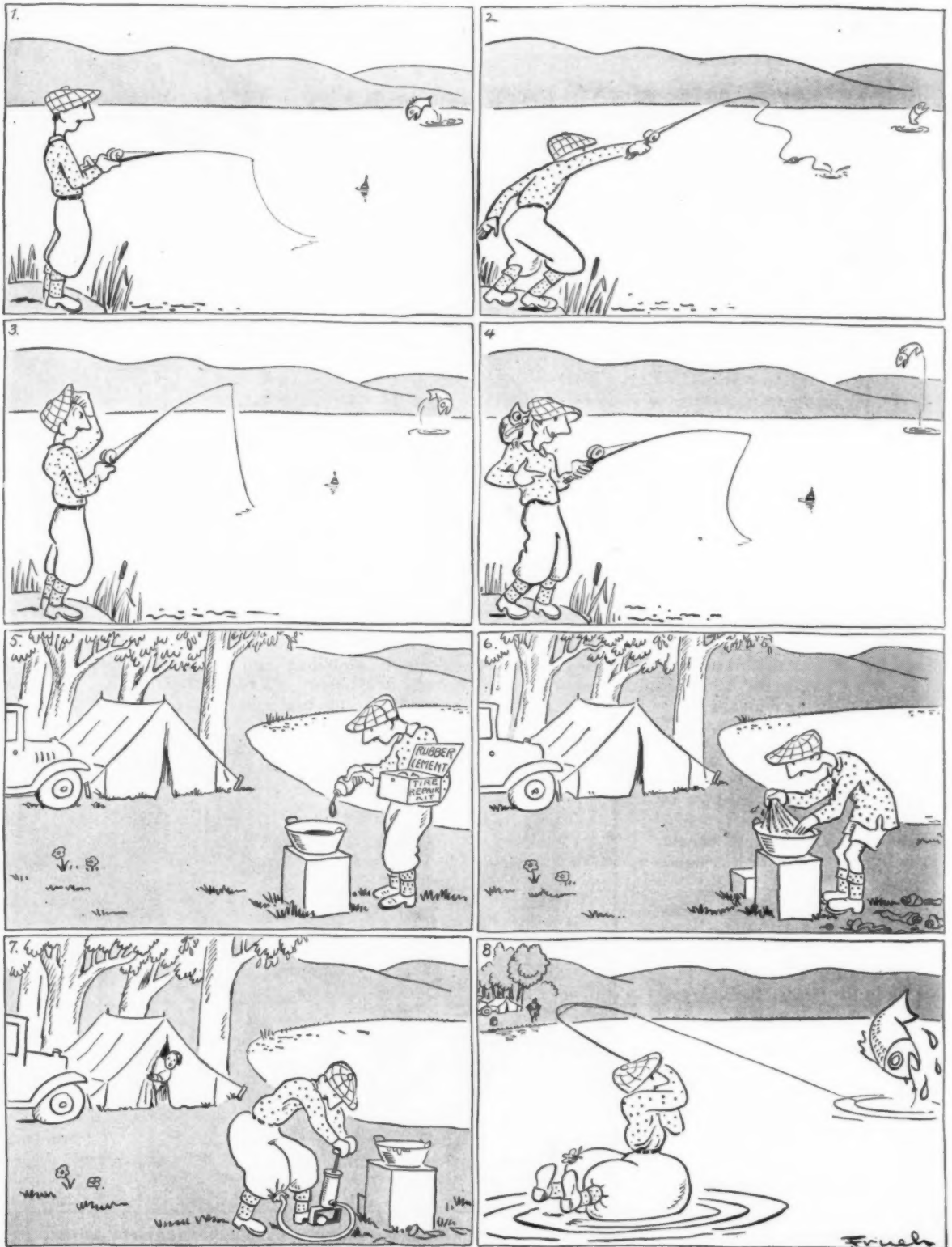
Brief Essay on the Automotive Industry

THE motor car has increased the ratio of mortality, created appalling traffic problems, contributed to juvenile delinquency, showed half of America how to live beyond its income, and relieved us of the horse fly.



Mrs. Boyshform: YOUR HUSBAND HAS GROWN TERRIBLY THIN.

Mrs. Stylish-Stout: YES, POOR FELLOW—YOU SEE, I WAS GETTING SO TERRIBLY FAT, WE HAD TO DIET.



Said the Idea Bird to the Motor Kar Kamper



Jane: THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT JOE—
HIS ENGLISH IS BAD.

Joan: YES—AND HIS SCOTCH IS TERRIBLE.

Why Pay Rent?

SO we decided to build our own home.

Not that those we saw at \$15,000 weren't good, but we thought that if we had one built we might be able to save money.

And we certainly did!

First of all we got one of those magazines; you know the kind—one hundred pages, eighty-eight of advertising and twelve of reading matter. We didn't care, though; this time we were after the ads.

We had figured on paying an architect \$500, but on reading the ads we found that we could get the plans, specifications, pictures, and what else do you want? of our very house for twenty-five cents. Net saving, \$499.75. Neat.

Wife had thought we'd save money by having a frame house, but after reading a few more pages we learned that to keep the cold air in or out, and the hot air out or in, we'd have to have the house asbestos-lined, cork-insulated, metal-framed, and stucco-finished. Expensive? Not at all. We could get the whole thing supplied in rolls ready to be nailed

on (nails thrown in with each order) and save exactly \$1,425 in wear and tear, upkeep and repair.

"Would You Save \$1,000 If We Showed You How?" That was the headline. Would we? We would. All we had to do was to install their latest heating apparatus; self-lighting, self-adjusting, self-feeding; everything self except the installing.

And plumbing? Nothing but the best; invisible, non-corroding, foreverlasting, at a cost less than the usual plumbers'-delight kind.



20 DEGREES COOLER INSIDE

And wear-ever flooring, and steel-framed windows, and paint that never wears off, and insulated pipes, and copperized spouting, and no more coal bills, and save on ice bills, and no fire insurance necessary with this roofing compound, and—Why, the better we bought, the more we saved. 'S the truth; read the ads yourself.

The house is all planned now, and by actual savings promised, we'll not only have it built free, but some one is going to owe us \$3,426.

Elliott Lester.

Got a Lot Out of It

"WHAT is your favorite Scriptural passage?" the child-labor employer was asked.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," he replied without an instant's hesitation.

SMALL DOROTHY: What kind of berries are these?

SMALLER JANE: They're poisonous. I ate some yesterday.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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HEYWOOD BROWN
in the *World*
quotes William McFee,
the novelist,
as writing to
him: "Not one
of you news-

paper men seems to have the slightest inkling of what is going on in Mexico."

Perhaps not, and how about Brother Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty of the Knights of Columbus, who makes demands on our Government to protest against the policy of President Calles, and confers with Secretary Kellogg on that subject? One reads that the Knights are raising a million dollars to fight "Russianism" in the Mexican republic, but does Brother Flaherty really know much about the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico? Has he any information about it that does not come out of clerical sources? One may suspect that the main thing Brother Flaherty knows about the Catholic Church in Mexico is that it is the Roman Catholic Church. Does he know the story about the Spanish friars in the Philippines as told by Herman Kohlsaas in his political memoirs published by Charles Scribner's Sons? Mr. Kohlsaas tells how one day he got an S O S from Roosevelt and dutifully packed a bag and went to Washington to the White House. He found the President in trouble. Since we had taken over the Philippines, reports had been coming through the State Department of the misbehavior of the Spanish friars. They kept coming and coming and they leaked out

into the public prints. "John D. Crimmins has been down here," Roosevelt said to Kohlsaas, "and as good as shook his fist under my nose and told me that if these slanders on the friars did not stop he would see that I would be beaten the next time I ran for office. Now, what am I to do?" Kohlsaas told him that he knew an Army chaplain, a Catholic priest, who was a suitable man to send to the Philippines to investigate. They sent him. He came home and reported that the half had not been told about the friars; that they had three or four concubines apiece, lived dissolutely, and were unconscionable tyrants. Forthwith they sent the chaplain over to see Cardinal Gibbons. Cardinal Gibbons was appalled at his stories and sent him to Rome. The upshot of it all was that Congress appropriated seven or eight million dollars and our Government bought out the friars' lands, shipped the friars all back to Spain, sent over a lot of teachers, and American priests so far as was necessary, and saved the face of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Mexico is not as far off as the Philippines. It is much easier to get information about that country. But whether Supreme Knight Flaherty knows any more about the Catholic Church in Mexico than Mr. Crimmins did about the Spanish friars in the Philippines is quite an interesting question. Knowledge of Mexico is not necessarily implied by Brother Flaherty's job as Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus in the United States.



THE record of August with its wet heat, wind storms and monstrous rainfalls should have notice from the authorities.

Dog days are all well enough but they should not be overdone. Any one who thinks that our behavior about the foreign debts has so disturbed the human mind as to bring on the violent storms and extremes of heat that we have had is entitled to that opinion and should be encouraged in it. Either because it has been so hot and so wet and uncomfortable or for other reasons the American mind does seem to have forged ahead considerably towards a wiser attitude about the foreign debts. One thinks with satisfaction of Mr. Mellon at Evian on Lake Geneva turning over in his mind what he has gathered in his discourses with European financiers. What looks more likely than it did is that the United States will be a party to a general agreement that will take care of all the war debts together. Much better support could be had here for a settlement that would clean up all the debts than for such partial settlements as we have had up to now. Mr. Borah, even, might favor that.



PUBLIC opinion is moving about those foreign debts and also about poisoned alcohol. As a detail of the Methodist Inquisition it has gone along prosperously, killing five or six hundred people a year, but the recent round-up of thirty-seven deaths in Buffalo and thereabouts made quite a scandal. Mr. Coolidge is a Congregationalist and the Congregationalists have no bishops to punch them up and get them excited and organize them for political action as the Methodists have. Mr. Coolidge keeps quite cool and there has been evidence, though he has said little, that poisoned alcohol as a means of law enforcement does not look as good to him as possibly it does to the Methodist Board of Morals.

E. S. Martin.



The King Can Do No Wrong

LABOR DAY



Life

DAY



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—Still the Pulitzer Prize play, and still one of the best in town.

The Donovan Affair. *Fullon*—To be reviewed later.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—A play which you ought to see even if you don't understand all of it.

The House of Usher. *Mayfair*—How this survived the summer will go down as one of the season's mysteries. It is all right, but not so good as all that.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The weather made no difference to the success of this account of a dark dancer's infamous progress, in which Lenore Ulric, aided by Henry Hull, gives her most vivid performance.

Sex. *Daly's*—Interested as you may be in these matters, don't bother with this one.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Let's do charades!

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—Fairly hilarious goings-on in a London boarding-house.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Good, healthy bad taste.

The Ghost-Train. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

Henry, Behave! *Bayes*—To be reviewed later.

The Home-Towners. *Hudson*—To be reviewed later.

Honest Liars. *Harris*—To be reviewed later.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

Loose Ankles. *Billmore*—To be reviewed later.

My Country. *Forty-Sixth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Sunshine. *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes just as good as anyone could possibly be in Barrie's pleasant play.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—A revue for those who are tired of the other kind.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Highly amusing spoofing if you happen to know what is being spoofed.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White singing and dancing to the best score in town.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—A show which is not without its carnal implications, yet having a certain entertainment value.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Gilbert and Sullivan that is Gilbert and Sullivan.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—A thin show with good dancing.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A new version of the show that used to be on the Century Roof, which, if we remember correctly, was a good show.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White has gathered together, Ann Pennington, Willie Howard, Harry Richman, Tom Patricola and Frances Williams, in his biggest and best show.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—And speaking of good shows, here is that one with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue which you will have a hard time beating.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—They have been singing this almost a year now.

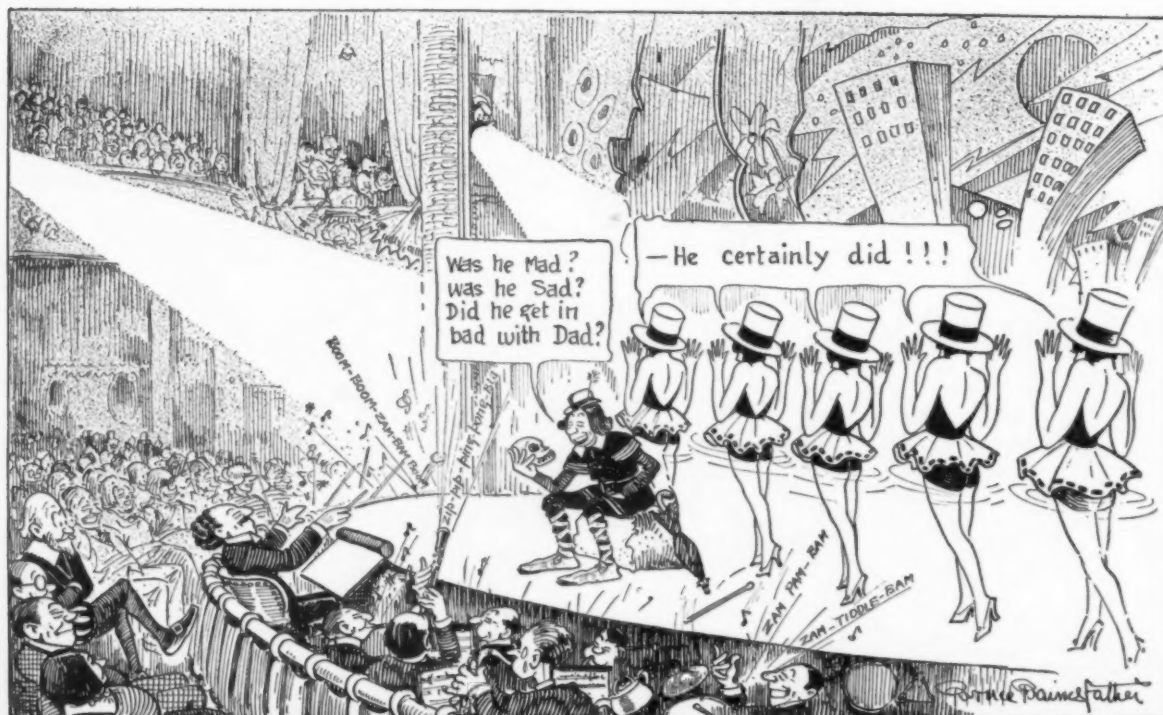
Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed later.

Ziegfeld Revue. *Globe*—James Barton, Rae Dooley and Andrew Tombes, among others, in a very pleasant bill, with colored lights.

Committee of Welcome

A NEW YORK man was robbed of \$200,000 worth of jewels as he stepped from a taxicab in Minneapolis. After all, there is no particular reason why a New Yorker should not be made to feel at home in any of our enterprising Western cities.

SHE: I'm on my way to the beach.
HE: I hope you have a pleasant strip!



SHAKESPEARE SEES HOW "HAMLET" CAN BE MADE TO PAY



Répétition Générale

Preparatory to Going Into Our Dance

IT begins to look now as if there were going to be another theatrical season after all. For a while there, during the humid spell, there was some talk of never having any more plays at all, just stereopticon lectures in caves. In some theatres the ushers outnumbered the patrons to such an extent that the latter demanded a ten-yard handicap—and, what is more, got it. The whole situation was very critical.

But now there seems to be some idea of opening up new plays whether people are coming to them or not, which, you must admit, shows a fine spirit.



BEFORE taking up, in our next lecture, the plays in the vanguard of the new season, let us consider for a moment several fundamental principles of dramaturgic success.

(Note to patrons who have already begun to walk out, Stick around—we're only kidding.)

Take Aristophanes. The scene in "The Canaries" between Epaminondas and Clythus:

EPAMINONDAS: And yet, Clythus, you say that you have not brought to Libya any desire for gain. Is this a philosophic system?

CLYTHUS: You argue at cross purposes, Epaminondas. What I said was that no eighteen-year-old girl was going to make a sucker out of me, Chrysler or no Chrysler.

EPAMINONDAS: It's the same thing.



WE can trace the progress of this influence up through and including Beaumont and Fletcher, in whose "All's A Merry Wrinkle" the entire action is built up, cone-shaped, to a climax with the entrance of Robin and his fellow bucklers when he tells Maid Margot that he has captured the falcon and that if she wants it back she can come and get it at his chambers that night at midnight. This, in a way, marks the definite shift

from the Sixteenth Century romanticism to the clear-cut and healthy vulgarity of Congreve.

In Congreve we find the logical root of our modern realism.

Long paragraph follows, ending in "—with the possible exception of O'Neill and Brieux, and the rest of the Twentieth Century realists."



THIS brings us to the strictly modern development of the metaphysical drama, or the "You-Must-Guess" School. Here we have the entire responsibility placed on the audience. The audience must guess what it is all about, and if it can't, it just proves that it isn't ready for such things.

In this branch of dramatic writing, Man, or the "Man-Objective," is paramount. The author says, in effect, "I am thinking of a word—a phase—a state of mind. It has to do with Man and his mute strivings. You have twenty questions, none of which I will answer. What is it?"

A good way to disguise the aim of such plays is to have the characters either wear masks or else call one another by the wrong names throughout the play. If you have a hero named *Ralph Rascal* and you have every one call him *Luther Romney*, you not only show how Man in his futile struggle with Fate seeks refuge in the escape of an alias, but you throw your audience off completely and show them up to be a lot of saps. This counts ten.

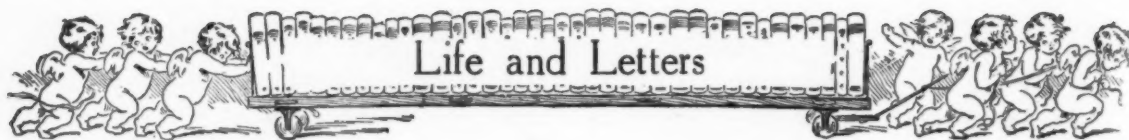


ALL of which brings us to the opening of the present season, 1926-27, and the announcement that "No More Women" opened at the Ambassador Theatre on a Monday and closed on the following Saturday, and that "Pyramids" and "The Nic-Nax of 1926" were also in the obituary column. The first real success of the season seems to be "Americana" at the Belmont, which we will take up next week in this very space.

The outside reading for the week will be to the bottom of Page 43 in "The Lazy Colon."

Robert Benchley.





"THE UNEARTHLY," by Robert Hichens (*Cosmopolitan*), reminds me of that immortal stanza:

"King Solomon and King David led
very merry lives,
Their concubines were numerous, and
numerous their wives;
But as old age o'ertook them, they got
religious qualms,
So Solomon wrote the Proverbs and
David wrote the Psalms."

Because, after making his reputation
through exotic atmosphere and warm

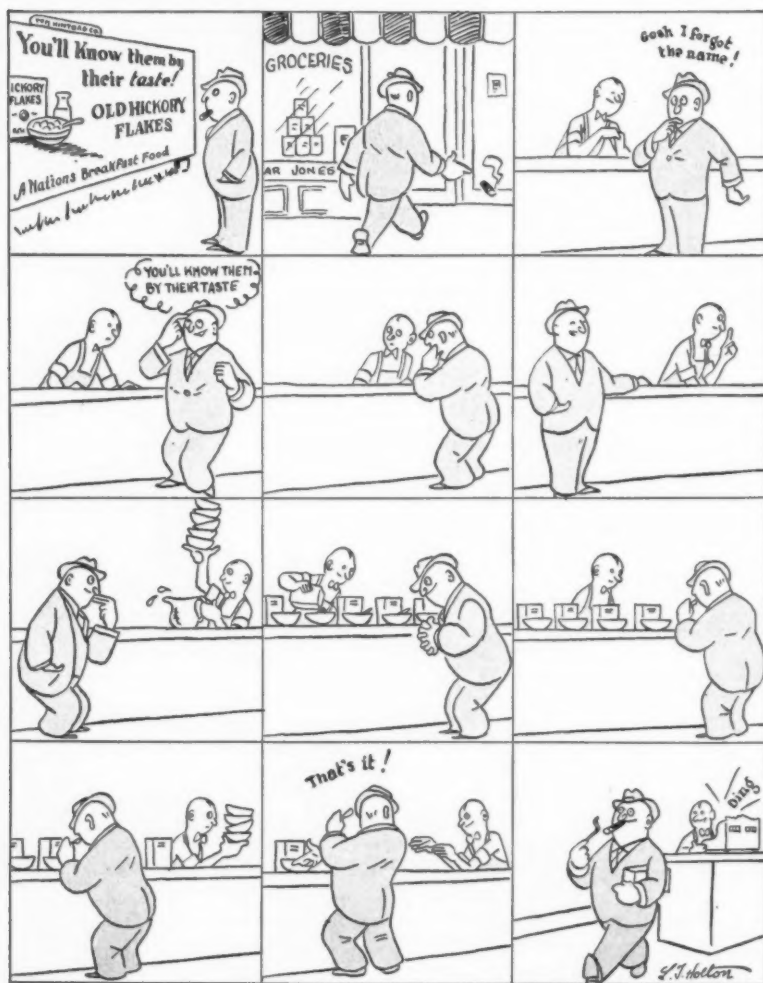
and worldly heroines, one of whom
inspired our Mr. Arthur Guiterman
to his deathless line, "I hope to God
a lion bit her!" he has now, in the
twilight of his career, turned to the
second coming of Christ for material,
and written a novel around a
Russian Jew, *Peter Kharkoff*, who
makes every one he meets long to be
a better boy or girl, and uncon-
sciously draws an elderly woman
from the comfortable fastnesses of
her cathedral town and a young one

from the gaieties of the London
season at a time of the year when
Geneva, his temporary headquarters,
is no place for any individual not
vitaly concerned with the League of
Nations. It is all very spiritual and
noble, even if, in order to make an
ending, the most attractive character
in the cast is forced to commit
suicide.

I must state frankly that the Mes-
sianic motif in fiction is one of which
I prefer to steer clear. There is
money in it, of course, as the tre-
mendous box-office success of "The
Fool" proved, but the trouble is that
the modern perpetrators of the theme
fail to give the Apostles credit for an
assist. Third floors back may come
and go, but the Sermon on the Mount
is still available even in our fifth-
rate hostels, and if I am to be
given any Gospel, I want to take it
straight. If, however, you care to
watch a London Society girl journey
from things that are seen and tem-
poral to those that are unseen and
eternal, "The Unearthly" is the book
for you. The course is five hundred
and twenty pages, but you can skip
the frequent passages in which she
merely looks out the window and
thinks. Even though Mr. Hichens
dismisses *Imogen* as cured, I should
not like to wager on the outcome of
her next encounter with an attractive
young man.

"THE CABALA," by Thornton
Niven Wilder (*Albert and
Charles Boni*), is something really
choice, and I recommend it herewith
to all those who are eager to keep
in touch with the best in modern lit-
erature. On second thought, I
recommend it even to those who
aren't. It consists of five episodic
sketches of members of the sophis-
ticated Roman group which gives it
title, who, when functioning nor-
mally, "blocked, from a purely dis-
interested love of Church tradition,
the canonization of several tiresome
nonentities;... saved the taxpayers
of Rome the purchase of hundreds
of modern Italian paintings;...

(Continued on page 32)



The Forgetful Customer

PROVING CONCLUSIVELY THE VALUE OF A WELL-CHOSEN
SLOGAN.

Historic Note

TEACHER: What happened in Europe in 1914?

SAMUEL: My Papa and Mamma left Russia.

Yes; It's a Great Educator

GETTYSBURG: The Lincoln Highway along there is a great relief after the mountains. You can do forty easily and don't have to shift gears. We would have stopped at the battlefield but we wanted to get to York before all the rooms in the new chain hotel were taken.

Philadelphia: The Sesquicentennial didn't bother us any. We knew a short cut across the city so that by turning over to the northeast we missed all the traffic. The children were a little disappointed at not seeing the Liberty Bell but we got them some ice-cream cones this side of Trenton to make up for it.

New York: Why, driving in traffic in New York is no harder than driving right here in Jonesville. And having the car with you gives you a better chance to get around to all the historic points. If we hadn't been in a hurry to get out on the Boston Post Road before dark we'd have seen some of them, I'll tell you.

Boston: There's a city that stirs your patriotism. Did I tell you what the traffic cop said to me there? Well, if I hadn't been going on to Gloucester that night I'd have stayed over just to report that gentleman.

Jonesville: Well, touring is a great educator, all right. But when



Mr. Woof (the Club's chronic kicker): SEE HERE—YOU'RE THE CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE. IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROTECT THE MEMBERS' RIGHTS.

Chairman (wearily): WELL—WHAT IS IT NOW?

Mr. Woof: THERE ARE NO "W'S" IN THIS ALPHABET SOUP.

it comes to living in any of the towns we saw I wouldn't trade old Jonesville for all of them.

McCready Huston.

The Mountain Gets the Jump on Mahomet

"COLONEL" Jerry Conklin has abandoned his plan to run an excursion from Woodpit to New York City. When asked for an explanation he said: "Well, arrangements were about completed when I learned that 'Abie's Irish Rose' was booked into the local Strand for a three-nights' engagement. 'Course that killed the excursion idea, for why should any one go to the city this hot weather when a company playin' 'Abie's Irish Rose' is comin' right here to town?"

E. T. C.

Definition

DRY DOCK—the process of docking naval appropriations for further expenditures on Prohibition enforcement.

If Ibsen Had Written It

IT'S easy enough to be morbid
When one has a paralyzed gall,
But the one for my own
Is the one who can groan
When nothing's the matter at all.

"THAT'S something to blow about," said Mr. West Wind when he saw the flapper's knee.



Chauffeur: WANT TO TAKE A JOY-RIDE, SWEETIE?

Maid: NOT ON YOUR LIFE. REMEMBER, I'M THE MAID IN THIS HOUSE, NOT THE MISTRESS.



DEVICE FOR ELIMINATING BACK-SEAT DRIVERS



He (on the first day in camp): HAVE I TIME TO GO FISHING BEFORE SUPPER, DEAR?
She: YES, BUT HURRY BACK. I WANT YOU TO HELP ME OPEN ONE OF THOSE CANS OF SALMON.

How to Tour Economically

"GOSH, but you're looking fine, Gelzer, old boy," I exclaimed, wringing the hand of my associate. "How did you spend the so-called 'heated term'?"

"Motoring." (Gelzer is quite laconic.)

"Motoring?" I questioned. "You haven't purchased a car?"

"No," replied Gelzer, as calm as President Coolidge landing a fish; "the first Sunday in July I was out for a hundred-mile demonstration in the 'Pulsing Titan'—fine car, that. The following Sunday Jim Godshalk, who handles the 'Velvet Six' agency, took me out demonstrating his car. A great little bus, that, old man. The next two Sundays I was being shown the marvelous riding and hill-climbing qualities of the 'Jupiter Eight' and the 'Frisky Four.' I guess we covered about three hundred miles those two

days. There were five Sundays in August, so I split them up and compared the relative merits of the 'Leaping Six,' the 'Super Eight,' the



"YEP, BETTY IS A REAL HE-WOMAN. HASN'T A SINGLE FEMININE THING ABOUT HER."

"HOW ABOUT HER LITTLE DAUGHTER THERE?"

'Silky Four,' the 'Purring Powers' and the 'Silent Standard.' There's no finer pleasure than speeding through the country with the wind in your face and a winding ribbon—"

"Which did you say you bought?"

"None," answered Gelzer. "I can only get away on Sundays and there are about fifty-three other cars that I haven't had demonstrated to me. Figuring nine Sundays to the summer season, that should take care of my touring requirements for six more years. Where did *you* spend the so-called 'heated term'?"

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Deciding Factor

"DO you believe it is right to rob Peter to pay Paul?"

"It depends entirely on whether I am Peter or Paul."

CHRYSLER

Standardized Quality



Guarantees Greater Value to the Car Buyer

By J. E. Fields

Chrysler manufacturing, like Chrysler engineering, is different from ordinary manufacturing—radically and immeasurably different in principle and practice

Merely building several cars is one thing. Building four lines of cars under one name and one management in one unified group of plants on a rigid system of quality standardization is a totally different thing.

Quantity production has long been standardized—quality standardization has been accomplished for the first time in motor car manufacturing by Walter P. Chrysler.

50, 60, 70, Imperial 80—These car numerals attached to the name Chrysler mean miles per hour and they mean something vastly

Quantity production has long been standardized—quality standardization has been accomplished in motor car manufacturing for the first time by Walter P. Chrysler.

At one step this eliminates "purchaser's risk" and makes possible the purchase of either the lowest or the highest-priced Chrysler car with the positive assurance that the quality in each is equally unquestionable.

more important than that in creating value.

They mean a common basis of quality for all four lines of cars—a rigid system of close measurement and fine manufacturing applied alike to each and every one of the four lines—a common source of engineering skill—a division of overhead and operating costs into four parts—a combination of buying resources—a mag-

nificent system of special machines and special processes devised to insure invariable accuracy in the manufacture of all four lines of cars—a positive protective process of guaranteeing the owner exactly the same basic quality no matter what price he pays or which Chrysler car he buys.

Certainty of unsurpassed performance is thus built into every Chrysler car, no matter what its price classification.

The Chrysler plan makes possible greater value for the investment than has heretofore been dreamed by the automobile buyer.

At one step it eliminates "purchaser's risk" and makes possible the purchase of either the lowest-priced or the highest-priced Chrysler with the positive assurance that the quality in each is equally unquestionable.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER

"50 - 60 - 70 - 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

THE SILENT DRAMA



"The Scarlet Letter"

MISS LILLIAN GISH—that lovely lady—adds several cubits to her artistic stature in "The Scarlet Letter." This, it seems to me, is her finest performance. She generates a mature power, a sense of genuine, grown-up strength which increases enormously the force of her appeal. She has always displayed the fragile charm of a tender bluebell; here she shows that she possesses some of the qualities of the sturdy oak.

It would be inexcusably indelicate to suggest that Lillian Gish has guts—but she demonstrates in "The Scarlet Letter" that she has. As *Hester Prynne*, the *Iris March* of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, she stands up to the best of them and takes punishment with all the heroic endurance of a Battling Nelson.

(The foregoing paragraphs prove that it is dangerous to involve yourself too deeply in metaphors.)

WITH the great work of Miss Gish—and equally great work by Lars Hanson, the leading man, and Victor Seastrom, the director—"The Scarlet Letter" establishes itself as the first fine production of the new season.

It has beauty and vitality, in great quantities; it is a true and searching picture of the Puritan period (which is still going on, they tell me). Furthermore, it has been constructed, as to story, with remarkable intelligence and appreciation of dramatic values. The credit for this is due to Frances Marion, who has never done a better job in all her profitable career as a continuity writer.

LARS HANSON, a recent arrival from Sweden, is splendid as that sad lover, the *Rev. Dimmesdale*, and there is some effective dramatic relief, contributed by Karl Dane, late of "The Big Parade."

I recommend "The Scarlet Letter" without qualification. It is harrowing but it is great.

"One Minute to Play"

YOU may not believe me when I tell you this, but Harold ("Red") Grange has made his debut on the screen, and both he and his initial picture are knockout successes.

For the first time in history, an overpraised, overpaid athlete has made good in extra-curriculum activities. The galloping phantom of the gridiron is a gay, likable and utterly unself-conscious figure in the

movies; even if he were to be deprived of the vast benefits of a college education, he would still deserve to be hailed as a competent film actor.

"One Minute to Play" tells of Red's visit to Parmalee College, which, a sub-title explains, "hasn't won a football game since the Dead Sea took sick." (The sub-titles, which were prepared by Neal O'Hara, are all excellent.)

I leave it to the reader to answer the following questions:

Does Red get into the game between Parmalee and its traditional rival?

Does Parmalee win the game?

At what point in the game is the winning touchdown scored? (Hint: See the title of this picture.)

Who scores the touchdown?

"ONE Minute to Play" is actually far better than "Brown of Harvard," or any other college picture that I have seen. It is expertly written and directed by Byron Morgan and Sam Wood—who, incidentally, were responsible for "Fascinating Youth."

They are hereby forgiven for that atrocity.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Duchess of Buffalo. Constance Talmadge in a frothy farce about an American dancer who gets mixed up in Russian politics. Amusing, some of the time.

Into Her Kingdom. Another one about Russia, describing the love affair of a Grand Duchess and a Soviet leader. Corinne Griffith is as ornamental as usual.

Don Juan. John Barrymore proves that the world's foremost lover didn't even know his strength. A sloppy picture, but an entertaining one.

The Son of the Sheik. Back to the burning sands where gentlemen forget themselves.

The Wise Guy. A gang of crooks running a series of revival meetings—

high-powered drama most of the way, but feeble at the finish.

Nell Gwynne. Dorothy Gish as the girl who upset the home life of Charles II.

Mantrap. Sinclair Lewis's satirical slant on the great North woods, with good work by Clara Bow and Ernest Torrence.

The Road to Mandalay. Run for your lives, everybody; Lon Chaney is out again.

It's the Old Army Game. W. C. Fields wastes his unlimited talents on a very tepid comedy.

The Devil Horse. Rex, the hero of this melodrama, is marvelous!

Up in Mabel's Room. Strange go-

ings-on under the bed, and not so very funny, either.

Men of Steel. Milton Sills breaks a few girders with his teeth.

Ella Cinders. Comic-strip drama, with Colleen Moore.

Aloma of the South Seas. Gilda Gray dances and acts delightfully.

Mare Nostrum. U-boat villainy in the Mediterranean, directed by Rex Ingram.

Ben-Hur. The early struggles of Christianity in million-dollar surroundings.

Variety, The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Sparrows and The Big Parade—these titles are on the required list.



FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



THE VOLUME OF FISHER BODIES THIS YEAR IS FAR EXCEEDING ANY PREVIOUS YEAR IN FISHER HISTORY. BUT VOLUME IS NOT GAINED AT THE EXPENSE OF SUPERIOR CONSTRUCTION OR VALUE. EACH FISHER BODY, IN ANY CAR PRICE DIVISION, IS SUPREME IN QUALITY, SAFETY AND LONG LIFE

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Californiana

ADVERTISEMENT of an aged bootblack at Long Beach: "Have your shoes signed by a nice old man."

Added inducement offered by the Tebo Restaurant at Indio: "Stove Heat on Winter Nights."

Local atmosphere in Los Angeles candy store: "Our candies are fresh every day from the studio."

Ethical motif on signboard of greenhouse: "Chrysanthemums of character."
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Our Weekly Scotch Story

A Scot was playing a round of golf with his daughter.

"Maggie," he said, "is to-day your birthday? Weel, then, I'll gie ye this hole."—*London Daily Express*.

NOTHING recedes like success.

—*Collier's*.



"THE LITTLE DONKEY LOOKS RATHER BAD."
"YES. HE ISN'T FEELING VERY WELL, SO WE ARE TAKING HIM FOR A JAUNT IN THE OPEN AIR."
—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

For His Ear

THE young married couple had been quarreling, and the wife had retreated into her room, slamming the door behind her and maintaining an audible snuffle. After a quarter of an hour she summoned the maid and inquired:

"Is my husband still in his room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sit here and cry a few minutes—I'm so tired I must take a little rest."
—*Klode-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

Her Best Efforts

"You have a wonderful cook. She has taken such pains with everything. I could never get a cook like that."

"It's the one you discharged last week, dearie. I told her you were lunching with me to-day."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Romance and Veracity

MR. KIPLING says that fiction developed when a man told tales about a woman. When a woman told them, of course they were simple fact.—*Punch*.



A SUGGESTION TO JEWELERS.
—*Le Journal (Paris)*.

The Story of Prohibition

A PROMINENT New Orleans man aboard a ship leaving New York for Europe called the steward and asked:

"Are we outside the twelve-mile limit?"

The steward said they were.

"Can I get anything I want—cocktails, whisky, wine—anything without violating the law?"

He was told that he could.

"Then bring me a lemonade."

—*New Orleans States*.

Don't Bother Daddy

JOAN: Daddy, may I—?

DADDY (busy): NO! . . . may you what?—*London Opinion*.

THE trouble about being too good-natured is that other people list you as one of their assets.

—*Milwaukee Journal*.



"I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD YE SAID, MRS. MURPHY, BUT YE'RE A LIAR!"
—*Sketch (London)*.



The New Typist

Senior Partner: HOW WOULD IT BE IF YOU WENT OUT AND GOT A FEW ORDERS?
Junior Partner: HOW WOULD IT BE IF YOU DID?

—*Starr Wood's Annual (London)*.

The Era of Mechanics

FASTER and faster still
The wheels go 'round!
Fashioned with wondrous skill
Machines abound;
They bear us on our way,
Strange things to view
Which, after all, display
Not much that's new.

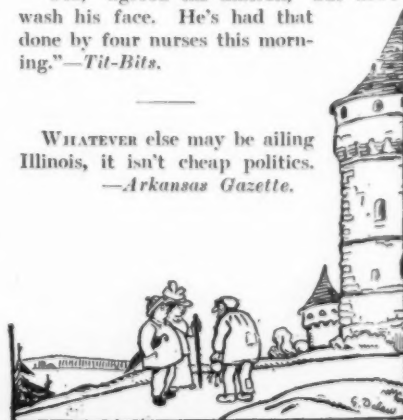
Where is the gentle lay
Of simple grace?
Where is the dance so gay
In courtly pace?
Where is the thoughtful skill,
Smart, or profound?
Faster and faster still
The wheels go 'round!

—*Philander Johnson, in Washington Star*.

Too Many Angels

"THE new patient in Ward B is very good-looking," said the nurse.
"Yes," agreed the matron, "but don't wash his face. He's had that done by four nurses this morning."—*Tit-Bits*.

WHATEVER else may be ailing Illinois, it isn't cheap politics.
—*Arkansas Gazette*.



"THAT CASTLE THERE LOOKS PRETTY OLD."
"I SHOULD SAY IT IS PRETTY OLD. I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IT JUST AS IT IS."
—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Hitting Out

Mr. Boom and Mr. Steady were business enemies, but chance had placed them on the same board of directors.

One day, after an important meeting, Mr. Boom was holding forth.

"There are hundreds of ways of making money," he said provocatively.

"Yes," put in Mr. Steady, "but only one honest way."

"What way's that?" asked Mr. Boom sharply.

"Ah," retorted Mr. Steady, "I thought you wouldn't know it!"

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

Calling Him

A disgruntled composer met a Broadway producer and demanded: "Why do you keep reviving Gilbert and Sullivan? Is it to save royalties?"

"No, and I'll prove it. Write me something better."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Add similes: As scarce as abandoned golf courses.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*



Conclusive

"ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOUR MASTER IS NOT AT HOME?"

"ABSOLUTELY, AND HERE'S PROOF OF IT—I'M SMOKING ONE OF HIS CIGARS."

—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

Compromise

A young husband and his bride argued for months as to whether they should go in for bicycles or a motorcycle. Meeting a friend one day, the husband told him about it, and added: "But, thank goodness, we have agreed at last, my wife and I."

"And what have you agreed on?"

"On a baby carriage," he replied, proudly.—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Natural Talent

"THE boy who used to catch more fish with a bent pin than a man with fifty dollars' worth of tackle," says an observer, "now has a son who can play better golf with a shinny stick and a rubber ball than a man with seventeen matched clubs, nine-dollar socks and a caddie."—*Detroit News.*

LONDON is to have a theatre in which it will be possible to dine, sup, dance, and see a play. We thought there'd be a catch in it.—*Humorist (London).*

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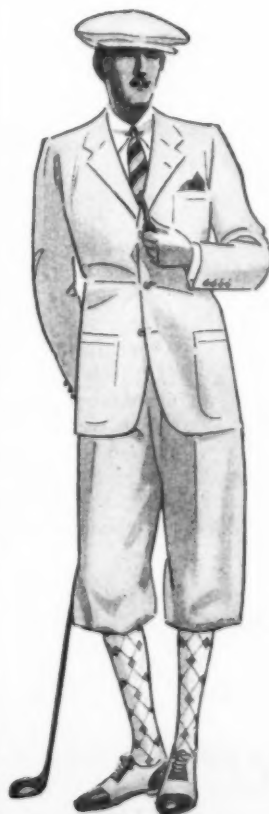
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for gentlemen is recognized
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for you in any style
and size you want.
This one sells at \$3

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in new shades of mot-
tled, red and black.
This one sells at \$7

*A great team is the
hand and brain, no
matter what your goal.*

*Train them together, in
school and in the game
of life, for your victory.*

*Out of the shifting play
of the mind, select and
perfect that flashing
thought which promises
Success.*

*Drill yourself in the
practice of fining it down
to fighting trim:*

PUT IT ON PAPER!

✓ ✓

*Success waits on the man
who keeps in line with his
thinking those best friends
of an active brain,*

**EVERSHARP
and
WAHL PEN**

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

dollars on you? It always seems to be that very sum, so that I do believe she loses but part of it and holds out the difference.

August 10th Up betimes, and off by motor to Schoharie, where

I did spend so many summers in my childhood, finding, to Sam's intense interest, the names of some of my forbears carved on the Old Stone Fort, but when we did fare on to Middleburgh and discover that the handsome old interior of the Dutch Reformed Church there had been redone, and the high pews of black walnut supplanted by hideous modern benches of Methodist-looking light wood, highly stained, it was all I could do to keep back the tears, and Sam was at some pains to restrain me from going to the Town Hall and protesting to those in authority. Arrived back in time for tea, for which a small and cheerful company was gathered, amongst them a woman who did tell me that a wag in the recorder's office who procures passports for the citizens of her village had remarked to her, the last time she arranged to go to Europe, Isn't it the most curious thing, Mrs. Apthorp, that Mrs. Bisee, your twin sister, should be seven years younger than you? We did speak, too, of the things which lie about us to which we give small heed, most of us being so unobserving as not to be able to answer the simplest question about objects which we encounter daily, but Lord! such an accusation cannot be made of Sam, who does look about him so alertly in order not to miss anything when we stroll the streets, that it would seem as if he were a fugitive from justice, and a companion less wise than I to his integrity and innocence would not be surprised to have him tapped suddenly on the shoulder, with the remark, Now come quietly along with me, my man; it's useless to resist... Bridge after dinner, and so, after reading a little in Robert Hichens's "The Unearthly," to bed.

Baird Leonard.

The Day to Marry

ACTOR: Let's get married on Friday the thirteenth, just to show we are above superstition.

ACTRESS: Good—then we'll always have something to blame it to.

FAIRY STORY—Once upon a time there was an after-dinner speaker who did not pretend that his speech was impromptu.

*The dread Pyorrhea
begins with bleeding gums*



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflicting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons" — a new shaving booklet just published in a new edition. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

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Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

interested public opinion in the faint smell of drains that is wafted through the Sistine Chapel"; and had the sense to send to Berlin for a doctor when an oak forest fell ill in the Borghese Gardens. All of these worthy activities against the most sumptuous and frivolous backgrounds, some of them "in rooms which, though the originals of hundreds of bad copies on Long Island, were here the secret shame of their owners," whose ideal residence was a hotel on the Embankment. An interesting parade of personalities, from the *Princess d'Espoli*, in whom "there was something that a little prevented her making friends; namely, intelligence," to *Dame Steuert*, who "seemed to be forever surrounded by a ballet of curates and widows who, at her word, rose and swayed and passed the scones." And all of it lightly presented by a young man who most certainly knows where to look for his material and how to whip it into shape for jaded customers.

"HOT SATURDAY," by Harvey Fergusson (*Knopf*), is a tale of woman, the huntress. Its setting is a Southwestern town where eligible young men are virtually nonexistent, and its plot is concerned with the sardonic attempt, the action of which covers only a day, of a personable young woman to land as a husband an Eastern visitor who will take her "out of it all" to a civilization of bright lights and butlers. She is a heroine with an amazingly natural faculty for dramatizing herself, and with the philosophy to reflect that "if she had done everything she got credit for, life wouldn't have been so dull." It is only after the pitiful fiasco of her day's effort that she recklessly commits one of the indiscretions for which she has been getting credit. When her Easterner came back the next morning to discount the seeds of doubt which had been sown in his soul by jealous rivals, and proclaimed, "I don't believe a word any one says about you. . . . Ruth, I know you're good!" I turned hopefully to the next page, but all I found thereon was some Italian beginning: "The type on which this book has been set is based on the design of William Caslon," etc. So the reader will have to figure out *Ruth's* future for himself.

"Hot Saturday" is a good piece of work—what Miss Loos's *Lorelei* might consider "quite a little contribution" to American fiction.

Baird Leonard.

Is This Tobacco a Part of Every College Education?

Considering the recent discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life. That was pipe-smoking.

Read his letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying, and adhered to Edgeworth year after year. When I have met some of them many years after I have often inquired:

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

(signed) Frank H. Wilson.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

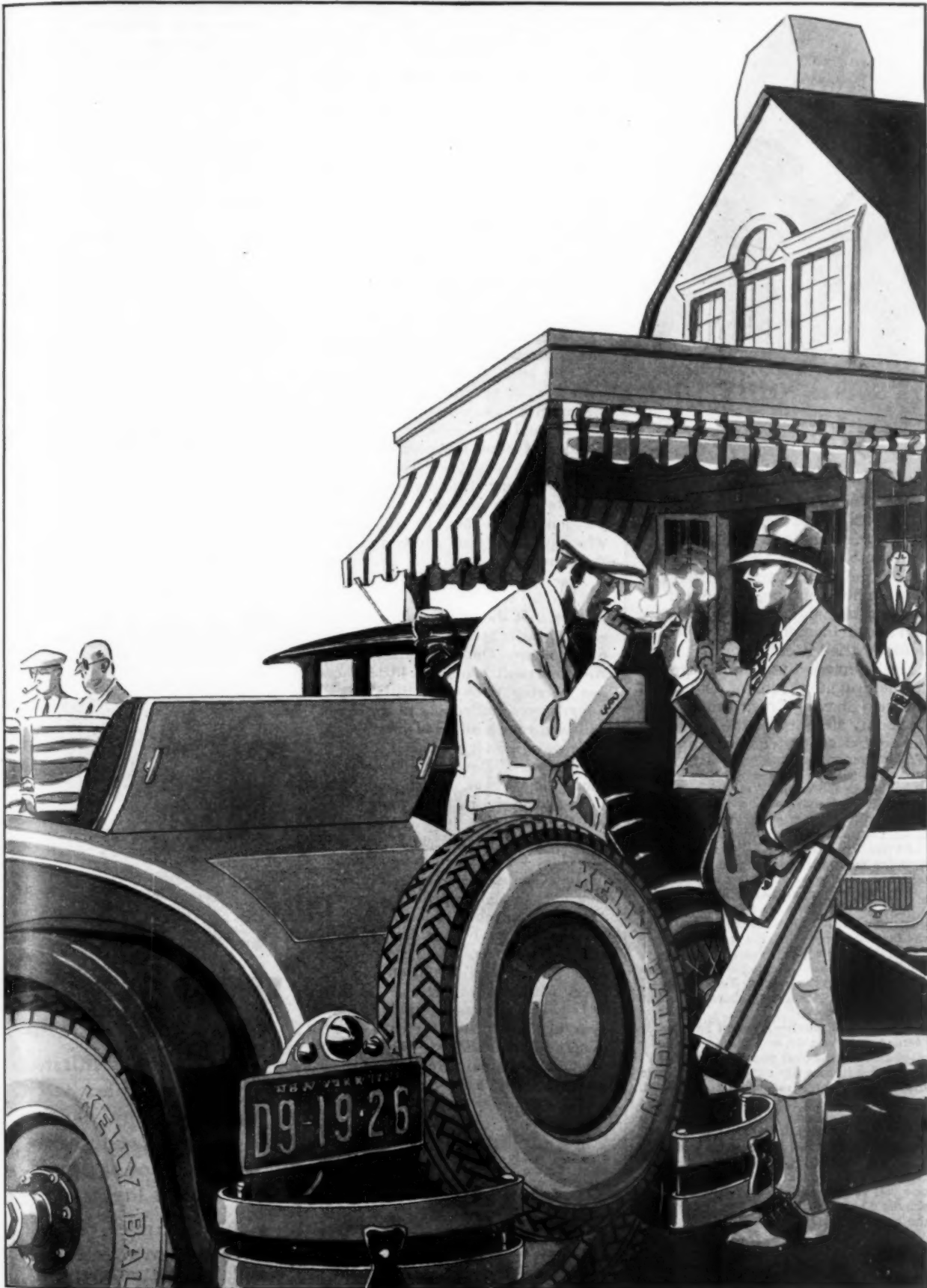
Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16-U S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]



"I'm sure of a perfect drive now—always out of the rough and on the fairway."
 "How's that?"
 "Kelly-Springfield tires."



It's the only face you've got

The only face, too, that you'll ever have. The question is: Do you like it well enough to treat it *right*—give it, every morning, the comfort of a Complete Mennen Shave.

Take it from me, you'll feel a whale of a lot fitter and peppier if you do. It's one of those things which you can't begin to appreciate until you've actually tried it out.

Tell you what you do. Go around to the drugstore tonight. A tube of Mennen Shaving Cream will set you back only 50 cents for the big size—a size that spells true economy.

Then tomorrow morning, lather up and go to it. Honest, *men*—it makes all the difference in the world. You'll get the biggest, quickest lather you ever built. And the Dermutation process will take every ounce of fight out of your whiskers.

Swish! Your razor goes through as clean as a fire engine through traffic. Your face is left smooth as a new dollar bill.

After that, Mennen Skin Balm. It costs only half a buck for a big tube that will last you months. A little squeeze rubbed over the face and *boy*—it's the freshest, pleasantest sensation you ever had. A zippy, tingling coolness—allaying all skin irritation—toning up the tissues. Takes away all the shiny look. And it's all absorbed in half a minute.

For the final touch—Mennen Talcum for Men. A quarter a tin and a tin goes a long way. Dust a little over your face—it doesn't show. But it does dry out all the moisture the towel doesn't reach. It's antiseptic. Spreads a soft, gossamer film that protects against the elements or collar irritation.

You go down to breakfast feeling as if you had a personal valet working for you.

And that's *that*. Come on now, fellows. Get next to yourself. Your face—the only one you've got—will welcome 365 Mennen shaves a year. Why not reach out and get the best there is?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN

SHAVING CREAM

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund Pleads for the "Left Over" Children

IF we could only think of some great, awakening words with which to stir you, so that you would help us over these last few terrible weeks of summer!

Words that would show you, as never before, the plight of the little boys and girls of the Lower East Side of New York. You have heard of slums—and tenements—squalor—terror—illness—heat—panting little bodies—city-sick little souls! What is left? No words that we know of—but they themselves are left.

They, the little ones who have not had a single breath of country air all this long, torrid summer. But even now, if you rally to the cause, we can give them a bit of green earth, cool air and fresh milk.

LIFE'S Camps for needy children will remain open for a while to take in those weary little stragglers who come to us, stumbling, at the end of the long procession of youngsters who have been your guests and ours this summer.

Because the heat "broke" for a bit last week, don't think that summer is over. It didn't "break" in those stifling rooms behind the baked walls of the slums. Out of these high, narrow tenement windows little faces are peering to-day—little eager, hungry eyes are looking to see if you will turn your heads, and your hearts, their way just for a moment.

Will you? Don't hide away from those young eyes. Just smile into them and—send us what you can for the Camps.

Twenty Dollars (\$20.) pays for one child for eighteen days at either of the Camps. Anything less than that goes to make up the sum necessary for one child. No amount is too small to receive our deep and appreciative thanks. We need—these little "left over" children need—every penny we can get.

If your name has not appeared this year upon the lists of great-hearted donors to the Fresh Air Fund, put it on now. Join us. Help us. Let us give the little "left overs" a taste of undiluted joy. *L. A. F.*

Previously acknowledged.....	\$13,034.38
S. R. Spencer, Suffield, Conn.....	20.00
Hamilton Abert, New York.....	50.00
F. A. Teasland, San Francisco.....	1.00
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(Continued on next page)



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still quenches thirst, cools the parched throat and by its delightful flavor and refreshment restores the joy of life.

Nothing else can give you so much enjoyment for so little.

G143

Remember Wrigley's
After Every Meal



Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

Gladys Glimp of Missouri writes: "Why do you make a joke of headaches? They are not funny, you poor simp."

Gladys, old dear, a sense of humor means you know when the joke is on yourself.

And the joke is on you if you keep on having headaches—

If you let them make you look prematurely old, distract you from work or enjoyment, and put your nerves and digestion on the blink.

The following information is not for ladies only:

There is a sure, quick and easy way to chase the stubbornest headache—and without harmful or depressing after-effects.

Just ask your druggist for "the safe, balanced prescription that has been relieving headaches for over 35 years."

He'll hand you Kohler-Antidote. Kiss the nice druggist!

HARRIS TWEED Cream of Scotch Homespuns, direct from makers, suitable lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Samples free on stating shades desired. NEWALL, 277 Stornoway, Scotland.

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Cortez CIGARS
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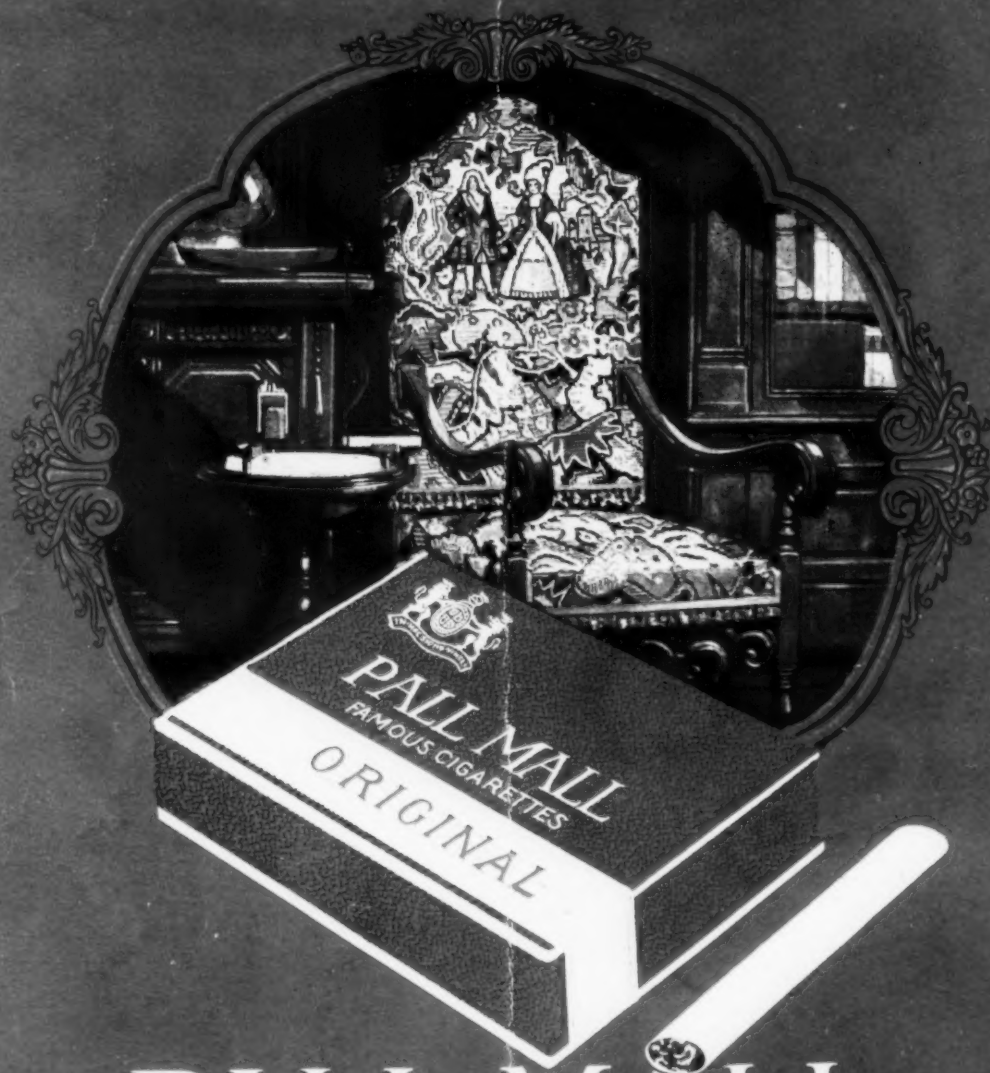
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